About "The Hights"

AT

Oakland, California

WITH

Juanita Miller

AND

Juanita Miller
"The Night"
January
1920.

FOREWORD

For the information of those interested in touring "The Hights" and the contents of this little booklet, only a brief foreword seems necessary. The monuments (already famed as landmarks of the estate overlooking the "Golden Gate," the five cities and seven counties of the great Pacific Coast) were among the many labors of love which my father performed during his busy and eventful life. The estate as it now stands, embracing about seventy acres, has been recently purchased by the City of Oakland for a "Joaquin Miller Memorial Park," and it is the intention of the Park Board to improve and beautify the same so that it will become in fact a fitting monument to his memory. Each monument or landmark is given a separate page in the booklet with space for notes. Perhaps a personal word from me might here be appreciated by those who loved, admired and remembered my father not alone for his genius. Maybe you visited him and, if so, was it morning and did you look in at his wide open door and see him writing in bed under his woolly horse blanket, manilla pad and quill in hand, or was he creating—mentally thinking it all out? Did your shadow in the doorway bring from him, as his luminous blue-grey eyes rested upon you, "Come in, I am tired and need a change of thought" or "Go out among the roses until I finish this page or so"; and, later, when he called you in or found you, were you rewarded with such lines as "Above the sky of boundless blue, below the green, green sod, and ever and ever between the two the wonderful winds of God"?

Maybe he took your hand in his pink palm, led you to a seat under the olive trees, saying, "Come listen, O Love, to the voice of the Dove, come harken and hear him say, Many tomorrows, my love, my love, only one today; now what is thy secret serene grey Dove, of wooing and winning alway? Many tomorrows, my love, my love; only one today." Or was it afternoon and did you find him in corduroys, sombrero and high boots, planting some of his twenty-five thousand trees, nursing them tenderly, as he said "bringing them up on the bottle," or maybe he was erecting some of the monuments or stone terraces; and did he point to the older trees, saying, "Why! these trees, these very stones could tell how long I've loved them and how well, and in after years maybe I will come and sit; sit here so silently you may not know of it." Did he pause to point out the view and did he say to you, "Deep below us lies the valley, steep below us is the Town, See! great sea ships ride and rally, and the world walks up and down." * * *

In February, 1913, he seemed to waft away and what remained (no longer pink and white and blue and grey) was just cold, rigid, lifeless clay that could not think or feel or say; so some of me died too that day, but only some—the rest would stay; yet I was not here, not there—half way I walked a wierd, a weary way, and knew not was it night or day, until his ashes seemed to say: "Peace, peace, I am not far away." So now I do not grieve or mourn, but find him in all beauty, truth and in the joy of each returning morn.

JUANITA MILLER.

About "The Hights"

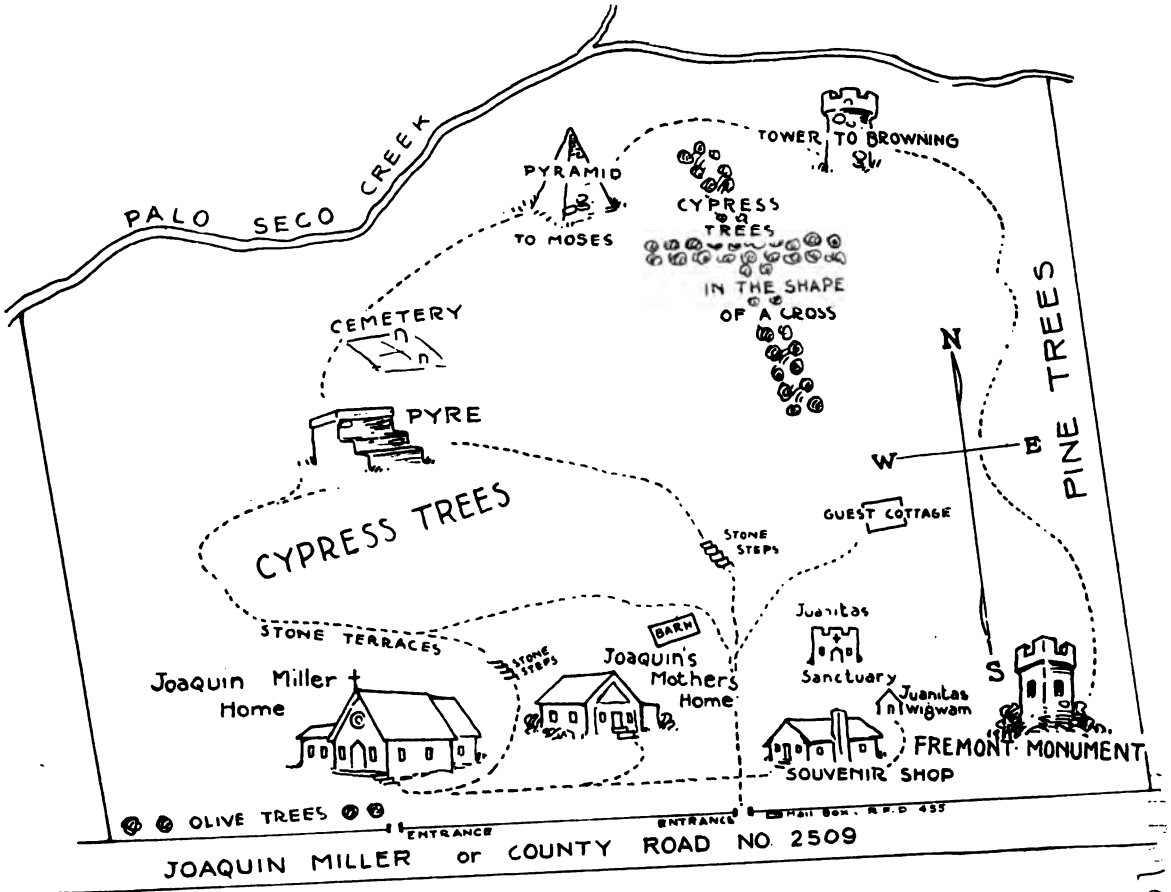
WITH

Juanita Miller

SECOND EDITION
1919

Poetical conceptions and illustrations
by the Author

BRAY & MULGREW
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

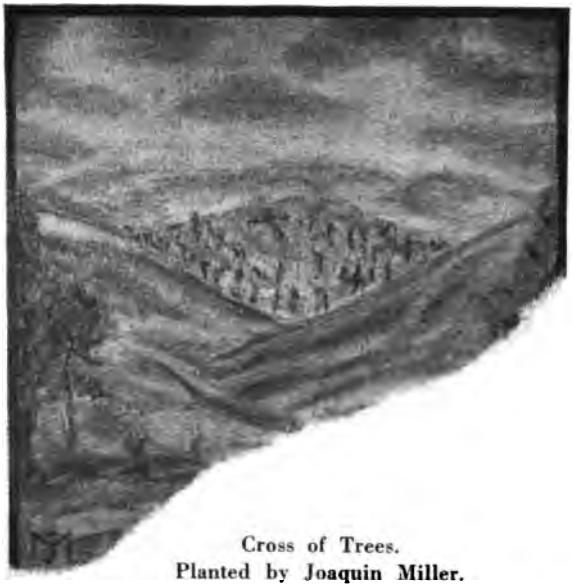


NOTES

JOAQUIN MILLER AND JUANITA MILLER AT THE HIGHTS

To dedicate all suffering with joy;
To just be worthy Him.

NOTES



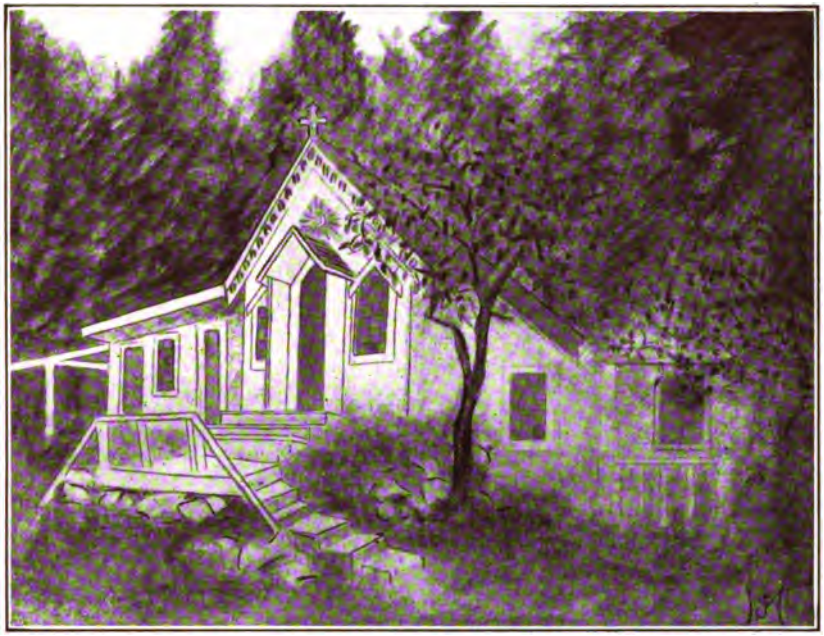
Cross of Trees.
Planted by Joaquin Miller.

May we remember to bear our cross whatever it be
Bide patiently; both gain and loss they balance eventually;
They are part of the perfect plan
And faith is God's greatest gift to man.

Until we have proven our perfect belief
That God is good, whatever He give;
Until we have learned to be grateful for grief
We have not learned to live;

For the more we suffer and survive
The greater we are if still alive.
As a bird is rocked in its tree-top nest,
As a babe is safe on its mother's breast,
In the arms of The Infinite rock and rest,
Knowing that what God gives is best.

NOTES



Joaquin Miller's "Abbey."

Crescent, cross and rays of the sun—
All symbols of the eternal One.

NOTES

Occupied by the Poet's Mother.

Where Margaret Miller lived for many years,
In tranquil righteousness devoid of tears.

NOTES

A Beauty Bit.

Bending blue of benediction;
  Fantasy of leaf and fern.
Mid sun-mist incense on earth's altar
  The candles blossom, blaze and burn.

NOTES

Souvenir Shop

At the Sign of the Four Hearts—
Sight, Scent, Sound, Taste—Cupid's arts.

NOTES

Juanita's Wigwam.

Spirit by flesh no longer bound
Roams the "Happy Hunting Ground."

NOTES

Sanctuary to Memory, Erected by Juanita Miller.

Shrine for the past, for the present, for that which is to be,

Surely the present and future are children of memory.

NOTES

No thing has ever happened to me
But what the future has made me see
How good of God to chasten me.
Now when there is a troubled sea
Into my shell—my Sanctuary
I slip, where myself and I are free,
With faith, with truth, with memory;
In silence and serenity.

NOTES

The Guest Cottage.

Where artists followed their favorite muse
And came and went as fate might choose.

NOTES

Funeral Pyre. Erected by Joaquin Miller.

That his ashes might ascend up to the sun
in smoke and fire—
Mingling with the elements, was his desire.

NOTES

When we saw his ashes float on flame into
the air,
Somehow we heard within our consciousness in answer to the passion of our prayer:
Peace, peace, grieve not, for I am here and there,—
Boundless beauty everywhere part of the most perfect plan
Wherever truth shall enter man;
Light and love and poetry,
Peace and plenty, ecstacy
Vast, unlimited and free.
I am what I wish to be;
I live for all eternity
In spirit and in memory.

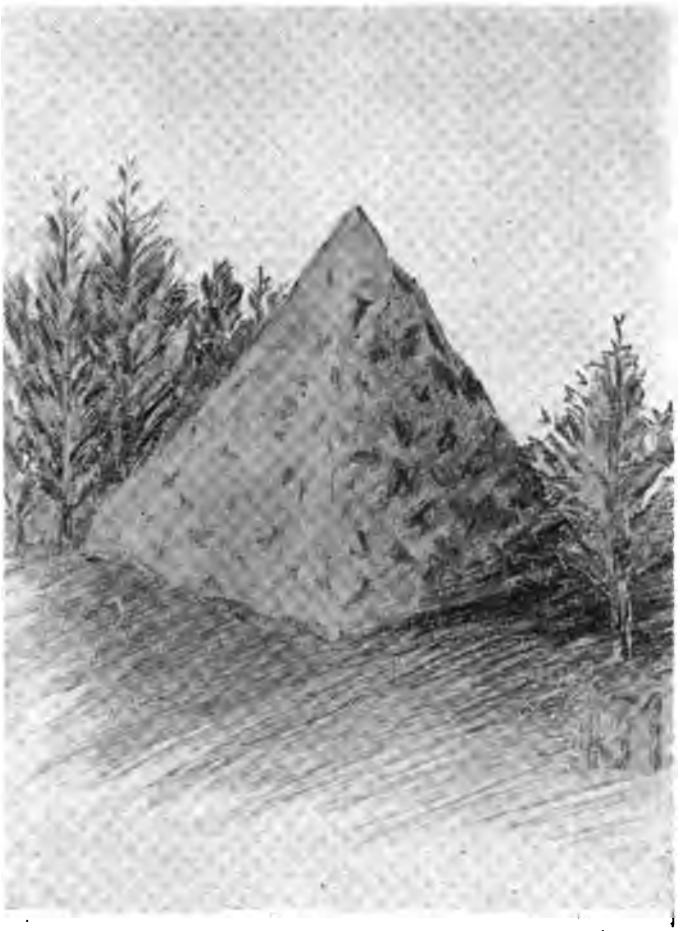
NOTES

What is the use of it all? I said,
  Then a voice of conscious light
Flamed from the ashes of my dead
  Like knowledge after night,—
Love and your loved one is secure,
  Safe from decline or dross,
For ideality will endure,
  It knows no change, no loss.
So build your temple to memory,
  Your tower to self control,
Let the lamp of love in your studio
  Shine to a sacred goal.
And put not your faith in "flesh pots,"
  In fame or bridge of steel,
For the only certain substance
  Is spirit—the ideal;
Do not expect impossible things
  Of temporal matter—mortal clay,
For the only real thing is the soul
  That sings through this instrument.
For a year or a day
And if your faith is faultless,
  If you conquer sorrow and sin,
    If you hold your soul
    To its ultimate goal
  You cannot fail to win.
For after awhile 'twill be granted
  To become all you wish to be.
From the seeds of the thoughts you have planted
  You will flower eternally.

* * * * * * * * *

So I radiate, sing flower, dance
Adown the dawn, give, gain and grow.
Shining through clouds of circumstance
I work, wait, think, pray, try to know
That circles are circled e'en from heaven to hell,
And perfection is knowledge that all is well.

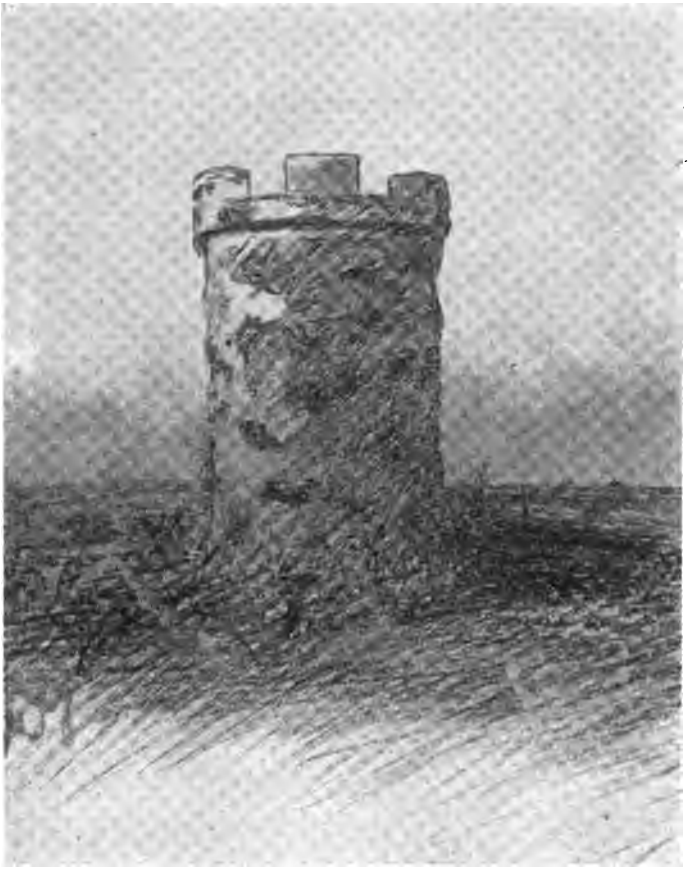
NOTES



Pyramid to the First Law Giver, Moses.
Erected by Joaquin Miller.

As we follow His Commandments so shall
our peace be,
And in wise obedience find true liberty.

NOTES



Tower to Robert Browning.
Erected by Joaquin Miller.

Sensitive "Poet of the Soul"
Leading us ever to a sacred goal
Where dwell the spirit people of the brain
And where "Childe Roland to the dark tower came."

NOTES

Erected to John C. Fremont by Joaquin Miller.

**From where the pathfinder saw the sun
sinking in golden splendor at the strait
And so called it "The Golden Gate."**

NOTES

Sunset from "The Hights."

Warm, red sun kissed the "Gate" good night
  Mid purple pomp and cloth of gold
Great gorgeous colors dropped from sight,
  Deep down into my heart they rolled.

Shy silver stars came out and sang
  Each one in perfect harmony,
Until the air with music rang
  And all my soul went calling thee.

NOTES

Night from "The Hights"

Two tall trees stood like sentinels
  Guarding a jeweled altar cloth,
Red rubies flamed and fascinated
  The fabrics of moth.

The high priest sun had stained the sky
  Spilling the chaliced wine
And the atmosphere was heavy
  With incense of the pine.

The diamonds gleamed and glistened,
  Crescent and stars kissed the sea,
Then music, I listened—
  Was he calling me?